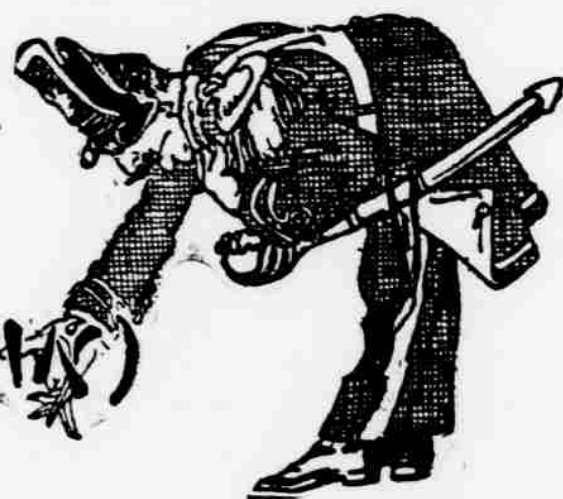


# THE JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY ABROAD

BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRVING)  
DRAWINGS by his COUSIN NAGI.  
(IKE MORGAN)



To Editor who will be surprised to see this news.

Dear Mr. Sir:

Today all Holland makes rejoice. Why? Because she is receiving the only advertisement that has happened since Wm of Orange came over from New Jersey and captured the business away from Spain.

Today Holland forgot her Cheese, because a Greater has arrived; and it is in America. Hon. Roosevelt is here. Attired out in a frockaway coat, a silk-pipe hat and flame-colored necktie to match the sunburn on the back of his neck, he arrived up by train this morning at 10 a. m. It is difficult to believe that a small Kingdom can contain such big noise.

The Hague, capitol city of Holland, is famous for the manufacture of alarm-clocks, porous plasters and Peace Tributes. Its alarm-clocks never go off, its porous plasters never come off, and its Peace Tributes never lay off. (This would sound delicious in Japanese.) The Hague is a quaint, historical town. It has looked much quainter and more historical since Teddy came.

All along the patriotic Dutchman has been holding their breath for a week, so to use it when the time arrived. There has been many speculations from this, but few deaths. There has been some very dangerous speculations from the Spuyten Duyvel, but respectable hens has been laying fresh-blue eggs, marked distinctly "HOLLAND".

So everything was in delicious readiness for the Arrival this morning. Before dawn of sun the Dutch Government, Hook of Holland Fire Corp., No. 12, the Supreme Court, the Haggelshwinger's Drunkband, the I. M. C. A., the Gilder van Stork partying with perambulators, a brass-band of peace Commissioners, 100 Taxicabs, 100 Taxidermists, the Prince Consort and the entire population of Holland, armed with kodaks and wooden shoes, stood clustered around R. R. platform waiting this eventful come-up. Enthusiasm was compressed with difficulty. O such tireful wait! 10,000 infantile babies present kept up such sad bawling of weep-cries that several Suffragettes and for race suicide and went home.

Finally, toot! toot! Hon. Train was rolling around curve with hoots. Every peasant in Holland stood ready with his wooden shoes in his hand prepared to make spank-noises of applause. Silence heard everywhere. Hon. Train stop up. Hon. Door flop open—and behold! the smile that lit up Darkest Africa, that filled the Congo with bullets and scorched through the Great Desert of the Soudan as far as the Great Quench at Cairo—that smile stepped forthly upon the platform and said with unqualified teeth:

"Fellow Kneckerbockers, it is bubly to be home again!"

I am disabled to describe the scenery

that followed. Therefore I shall try. It was a Dutch treat to observe how they raved with patriotic stampedes, dancing square & circular waltzes in respectful attempt to appear sufficiently hysterical. 1,000,000 wooden shoes, clumped together in unison, made such joyful noise that all ears was injured. Next on the program was silence. Hon. Mayor of Hague step forwards with despondent expression peculiar to one who is going to have a speech. So he read following praise poem:

"From Corlear's Hook  
To Noddyraam,  
Van Roosenvelt  
Van Amsterdam—  
O Theodore  
De Cokerdam!"

When translated into English this makes following sweet sing-song:

"Welcome to our Native Son  
Who's went and did so much—  
For after all is said and done,  
You can not beat the Dutch."

Hon. Roosevelt step forwards in the midst of blushes.

"Fellow countrymen," he say, "I step among you and shake hands with my ancestors." (Loud hand-slap for this.)

"Because I, too, have Dutch blood in my brains." (All Holland bursted by banzais.) "When I return to Holland I feel like I was returning to one of my Policies. I love your canals—they remind me of Panama. I love your windmills—they remind me of some Reactionary Statesmen I have crushed in their mad flappings. I shall ever seize Holland in the fond grab of memory. Its low green fields shall be ever in my heart, its tall red dams forever in my vocabulary. And as to your native Stork—well, I have often thought of trading our National Bird for yours." (Continual ovals from the Gilder van Stork.)

"And let me say, in speaking of birds, a word about hunting. Some prevariated liars of my acquaintance have accused me of shooting birds without a license. This is as truthless as it is false. While in Africa—and I acknowledge I have been there—I never raised an angry trigger against any song bird what wasn't making a public nuisance of herself. Against the liar-bird and the cannon-bird and the aldrich-headed hawk I have carried on a war of ruthless extermination. When I return backwards to America I expect to continue extinguishing harmful & dangerous birds—and I am going to begin on the Chanticleer Hat the first wad out of the gun. But I will say right here, in the face of every correspondent assembled here to misquote me, that I never yet have murdered a lady Stork who was doing her proper duty by her eggs."

After the race-riot of enthusiasm, had finally choked itself into silence, Hon. Crown Prince step forward with crooked arm and report.

"If it is solemnly agreeable to your Experienced Highness, would you affably step over to the Royal Palace, have lunch with Queen Willie and enjoy a look at the principal product of Holland, which we have on exhibition?"

"What are the principal product of



"I NEVER YET HAVE MURDERED A LADY STORK WHO WAS DOING HER PROPER DUTY BY HER EGGS."

Holland—cheese!" require Hon. T. with enquiring eye-glasses.

"No, Babies," report Hon. Prince with husband-voice peculiar to Consorts.

So they part off in a gold carriage surrounded by Swazi Rough Riders, while me and Nogi and the rest of the population of Holland stand gawd awaiting for the next historical event of the day.

Meantime, while wandering with rambling footsteps through The Hague observing the Dutchness everywhere, me & Nogi notice Hon. Peace Palace looking like the Carnegie Library of Des Moines, only more swollen around the

"We might be included in this," abstract Nogi with brass face expression.

"We might, but could we?" I recoil.

By door of this peace palace we find Hon. Janitor asleep behind his old oaken shoes. It is impossible to keep awake in the midst of so much peace. While Hon. Janitor was less awake, me & Nogi make sneak-step to interior of this famous Music Hall. We stored ourselves silently away under the benchside of a front-bench; and pretty soon Hon. Audience begin arriving in with depressed footfalls peculiar to weddings. Behind the seats where we was tucked 2 famous Russian peace-makers set down and rested their umbrellas across Nogi's neck. This make very neat umbrella-rack; but Nogi did not like them Professors because of Russian nationality. His mind got so full of Port Arthur that it nearly went off with peev.

Of finally a Dutch-speaking band arrive to platform & play "Our Country 'Tis for You." Then Hon. Roosevelt, wearing an orange out of respect for Wm of Oranges, elope in escorted by Hon. And Carnegie, Hon. Giff Pinchot and 6 members of the Jeffries-Johnson Arbitration League. He step upwards to platform in the midst of Republican Convention noises of 45 comparative ovations.

"Fellow-marksmen," he say arising upwards, "before returning to America I wish to speak of Peace. Peace, Hon. Dearsirs, is like meat in high-cost times. It is hard to get, and it is darnsight harder to keep. Peace and rhinoceroses is alike in one way: both

should be hunted with caution and a 12-bore gun. When you see either brute coming at you, shoot first and arbitrate afterwards. By that rule I have tamed elephants, both African and republican. That is the secret of my success in hunting both in the wilds of Washezi and the tames of Washington. The man who goes for dangerous game like Peace with the Constitution in one hand and a shepherd's crook in the other had better be a rapid runner, a smooth swimmer and a quick climber. No Fat Man is equal to such a job—"

Hon. Roosevelt look around with slightly abashed mustache.

"And if there are any reporters present?" (loud trembles by me & Nogi) "I wish to say right here in the midst of Holland, that I have not mentioned the name of Taft in any way, shape or thickness. And any press-boy who cablegraphs to his paper that I have mentioned names that I haven't, deserves to sink forever with a dishonest sob into the mucky maelstrom of deliberate mendacity."

Me & Nogi make creep to door by crawling behind peoples' knees.

"And now, ere the afternoon is faded away, let us take up and finish the irritating question of Universal Peace—"

Thusly that Voice that made America famous barked out through Hague Hall like a bull-dog settling a family dispute in a nest of Doves. And while me & Nogi tap-toed away we could hear all Holland making maddly slap-hand of appreciation like they was not afraid of breaking their fingers when their hearts was in their gloves.

Hoping you are the same,  
Yours truly,  
HASHIMURA TOGO.

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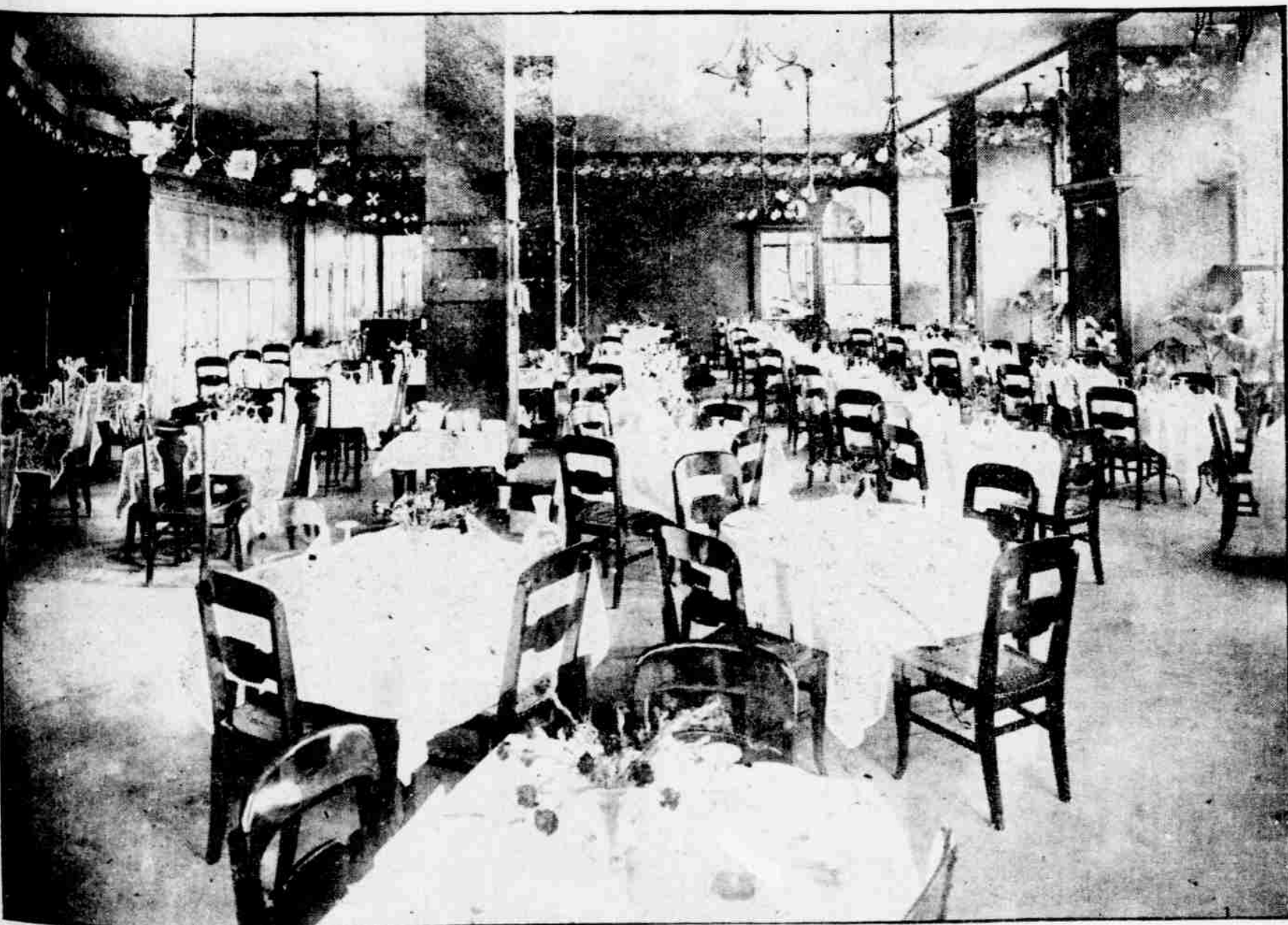
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"What is meant by the saying, 'The spirit is willing?' " "If a man won't consent to a thing when he's sober he probably will if you get him drunk."—Kansas City Times.